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VOLUME III PITTSBURGH, PA., JANUARY 1930 NUMBER 8



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(See Page 240)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME III NUMBER 8
JANUARY 1930

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
It is a nipping and an eager air.

—"HAMLET"

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From October to July. Every Saturday evening at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock.

—CHARLES HEINROTH, Organist

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The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, MR. FALK!

Maurice Falk has always lived in Pittsburgh—a life significant of constant achievement and advance. He entered into business and made himself a master there; acquired wealth, and after providing, as the Bible stipulates, "for his household," began the difficult task of giving away the surplus wisely. His benevolence was like the wideness of the sea. Wherever there was human need, his sympathy encompassed it. Then the wife whose companionship had given strength and beauty to his life was taken from him, departing, in Tennyson's symbolic phrase, to the island-valley of Avilion. Other men have built memorials in glorious marble to these angels of their hearts; the Taj Mahal is such a one. But there is no softness of human feeling in marble—and you must go a thousand leagues to see it. And Mr. Falk energized his wealth so that it would go where marble cannot reach; so that, through education, darkness will be made light, religion will be stimulated and vitalized, the poor will be fed and clothed, noble enterprises will be promoted, and civic needs will be developed: all this through the Laura Falk Foundation—\$10,000,000—income and capital to be expended within thirty-five years. Pittsburgh is to be the wellspring of this fountain of living waters.

CHRISTMAS IN MUSIC

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I had the privilege of reading on the train this morning Dr. Heinroth's article, "Christmas in Music." It was beautifully written and to me most interesting. I am sure a great many of my friends will be pleased and I shall give them an opportunity of seeing the article.

—WILLIAM M. DUFF

OUR DELIGHTED READERS

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I regard my subscription to the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE as one of my finest investments.

—WILLIAM E. BENSWANGER

DEAR CARNEGIE:

A great pleasure to get it.

—SOUTHARD HAY

DEAR CARNEGIE:

It gives me great pleasure to send in my check for a five-year subscription to the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.

—MRS. WILLIAM R. JARVIS

JASON'S CHRISTMAS CARD

A card bearing this verse and addressed to Jason, the Gardener, reached its destination and is acknowledged with thanks.

"This Christmas when we write the names
Of those we highly prize,
We see your name in characters
Of gold before our eyes."

TASTE—AND LIFE

By VINCENT MASSEY

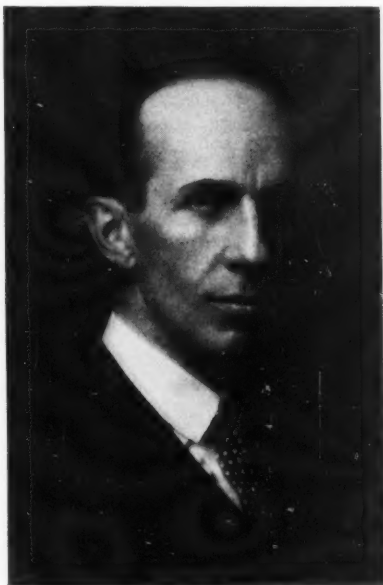
[This searching and stimulating quest after the relation of taste to beauty, with its revelation of the comforting influence of taste and beauty upon life, was delivered at Mount Holyoke College. A fleeting reference to it in the New York Times led the Magazine to ask permission to print it in full, which has graciously been accorded. Mr. Massey is a graduate of the University of Toronto, and has received degrees from Oxford and Princeton. During the World War he was in charge of musketry training; later, Associate Secretary of War. Then Director of the Government Repatriation Committee; member of the Privy Council; and now Canada's first Minister to the United States. The address comes to us without a title, although the author, in his opening lines, suggests the word Taste. But when Bayes, in George Villiers' play, "The Rehearsal," was accused of having no plot, he retorted, "What the devil does the plot signify, except to bring in fine things!" And so of the title, "Taste," which we have amplified by conjoining it with "Life." And Mr. Massey may be trusted to "bring in fine things" in this delightful excursion into the field of Letters.]

My wife and I greatly appreciate the opportunity of visiting Mount Holyoke. This Foundation, I understand, is the pioneer institution in the United States, if not, indeed, in the world, to offer to women the advantages of higher education. The name under which you existed in the earlier years of what will soon be a century of achievement suggests in itself your antiquity. That forbidding phrase, "Female Seminary," appearing in your original designation, seems now to conjure up a very remote past. It suggests orderly ranks of well-disciplined pupils in gingham apron and flannel petticoat who lived to accept meekly the prevailing rules of virginal piety and domestic obedience. But practices may change while principles endure. There may be a contrast between what is done now at Mount Holyoke and what was

done in the time of Miss Mary Lyon, in such matters as the hour of rising, the household tasks demanded of the undergraduate, and the observance of the Christmas festival. But the principles of education established here by your great foundress still stand, and Mount Holyoke remains, in all essentials, faithful to the noble ideals under the inspiration of which it was established.

My remarks this morning, if they possess sufficient unity to justify a title, are on the subject of taste. May I say at once that this all-embracing topic does not suggest that I

am about to transmit to you my personal observations on the autumn styles or to offer hints on home furnishing or to give you a discourse on a visit to the local art gallery. Such is not my intention. I merely wish to place before you some considerations, I fear both



VINCENT MASSEY

obvious and fragmentary, on that mysterious faculty by which one should be able to derive an intelligent pleasure from the arts and letters, or, to put it differently, the power to distinguish in some measure what is real from what is false in all that we read and see and hear.

There is no need for me to labor the importance of such a sense of discrimination. There is no field of mental activity in which the powers of discernment and judgment of criticism are not essential. In that vaguely defined sphere of art such a capacity is not easy to acquire. If we accept the division of life in terms of the familiar triad and look on it as a search for truth or goodness or beauty, we find that the last named suggests a quest with but little assistance from compass and chart. The pursuit of truth in the realm of natural science brings us, after all, in touch with exact formulae as our guide. In the laboratory or the observatory or in the realm of pure mathematics we deal with things that can be weighed and measured and reduced to definite figures. In another domain we are led, most of us, by the beliefs and the code of one accepted system of ethics or another, shaped by the recorded experience of centuries. But in that vaguely defined world of what we call beauty we are, as it were, on shifting sands. The canons of judgment seem to be obscure. The scientist may say with some finality "that deduction is sound," or "this conclusion is false." Again, in the sphere of morals we may judge our actions by the code which we profess, but in the world of the arts what is to be our guide? It seems easier, at all events, to say what is scientifically right or wrong, or what is morally good or bad than to say what is beautiful and what is not.

It is not a new question, this. It is, in fact, as old as civilization itself, but it has the freshness of a question which has never been fully answered and never will be. Life certainly would lose much interest for us if such an inquiry

could meet the chilling finality of an ultimate reply. We are, of course, rather more apt to ask the question than were our ancestors. Our great-grandfathers here in North America cannot be said to have devoted a very large proportion of their time to the study of esthetics. They had other things to do. But had they been men of leisure, they still, we may feel sure, would have looked upon beauty with some suspicion. There is, I think, little use in decrying the view of life held by our Puritan forebears. As a matter of fact, the Puritan in the first blush of the reforming movement did not set his face against the beautiful. Cromwell's men may have broken painted glass and sculptured saint in their zeal, but Cromwell himself, as we know, loved music. Be that as it may, the more austere doctrines prevailed and for generations shaped the habits of the Anglo-Saxon world on both sides of the Atlantic. Like all philosophy, that of the Puritans was composed of virtues and the defects of those virtues, but in its heyday it had at least the shining attribute of a remorseless sincerity. We have, however, long since rejected their strange legacy—the half-confessed idea that ugliness is on the side of the angels—the belief, for example, that bright colors and grace of line were slightly reprehensible.

A Puritan atmosphere lingered longer in North America than in Europe. A simpler life, relative poverty, and other causes kept our physical surroundings, for instance, comparatively austere. The eighteenth century, which to Europe meant elegance and urbanity, not without a touch of cynicism, brushed this continent but lightly. But the reaction to our early dourness came later. We have still with us monuments to that period when our architectural morals came to be sadly relaxed. It was unfortunate that in the age which we call Victorian we happened to become prosperous, because with the rejection of the simple ideas of an earlier period, so often beautiful in them-

selves, came that familiar passion for those architectural complications in which we rejoiced for their own sake. We know the consequences. From my study window in my house in Canada, I contemplated for many years a creation of late nineteenth-century architecture at its lowest plunge, in which mere elaboration was thought to possess merit, bulk was mistaken for grandeur, and "inefficient" and "romantic" seemed almost interchangeable terms.

These dark ages of taste happily belong to the past. We have emerged from that period of uncritical parvenu splendor. The splendid architectural achievement of the postwar era—of which this country possesses fine examples in such profusion—is a comforting evidence of how far we have moved in the standards of public taste. As a matter of fact, we have come to learn that beauty in our surroundings is not a fad, an isolated frippery or frill. The modern educationist, in particular, knows the importance of such things. The buildings in your modern colleges are a witness to the belief that physical environment is part of the equipment of education. If anyone doubts this, let him study the manners of a group of schoolboys in some unlovely basement dining room and then place the same youths at their meals, let us say, in a dignified, well-proportioned hall, with lofty timbered roof and mullioned windows. Their manners will improve, and with their manners, the point of view of which manners are a natural expression. We do well to recognize the fact that the shape of our buildings affects the shape of our minds, although this may seem at times a somewhat disquieting thought.

Good taste, of course, is not always the legacy of higher education. It is curious to find—now and then—men of finely educated mind with strange lacunae in their taste. I remember visiting the home of a philosopher, internationally distinguished, to discover on his walls an oil painting of a village church, in the tower of which the artist,

in a moment of inspiration, had placed a real and practicable clock, with a mother-of-pearl face, which told the time, and for all I know, struck the hours. This "mariage de convenance" between beauty and utility, however plausible in theory, would, I think, be condemned by the most liberal critic as unfortunate in practice. There are many of the cognoscenti who may have a respect for art and even some knowledge of it, but who lack a feeling for it—which is, after all, vastly different. A love of philosophic truth is not inevitably accompanied by a sense of beauty. Nor need a sense of beauty necessarily reveal unerring taste. I am not thinking, at the moment, of those untempered ecstasies evoked by flowers and sunsets, too often committed to paper, combining a sensitiveness to loveliness and crudely uncritical emotion. I refer to that lapse in taste of a real artist, such as a great architect, who will occasionally make the error of creating something of beauty out of relation to the purpose which it is meant to serve, or out of harmony with its surroundings. Perhaps he will lavish on a gymnasium the beauty more appropriate to a library or chapel. His feeling for beauty is impaired by a defective sense of proportion. Beauty and function cannot, of course, be unrelated. We would commend the judgment of anyone for passionately admiring such a thing of loveliness as Giotto's tower at Florence, but we would condemn the admirer if his admiration got so far out of hand as to lead him to duplicate it in some inappropriate place, and we might be tempted to homicide if he were to employ the replica for some practical use, let us say, a reservoir or factory chimney. (For your peace of mind I may say I am suggesting an imaginary desecration.) Objects, however beautiful, must bear the right relation to the scheme of things as a whole. The modern poster, for instance, of recent years can be called a branch of art without straining the word, but however

impressive may be these pictorial efforts to break down what the experts call our "sales resistance," we rightly murmur when they obscure for us the passing vision of mountain and lake.

Beauty, like everything else, of course, is best considered in relation to actual life. That is perhaps not a bad definition of taste itself—a sense of beauty in relation to actual life. A piece of music can be studied in the abstract, out of relation to our daily existence; and so can painting—for modern painting is often as abstract as music. But when we come to beauty as applied to the equipment of our physical environment we are faced with considerations other than the merely esthetic. That attitude of mind which lies behind what is called, politely, *Art Moderne* endeavors to house us in terms of pure form and color, possessing irrelevant associations, with what result? Would I be condemned for confessing that in an art-moderne dining room my digestion is frankly uneasy. A combination of cubes, circles, and triangles, in mauve and black and silver, may demonstrate the canons of abstract beauty, but I happen to prefer the more homely and traditional appeal of Chippendale or Sheraton or the brothers Adam. And why? There is no question as to the charm of the color and line of the modernistic room considered simply as a combination of line and color, but I fancy that most mortals are happier not to conceive of their environment entirely apart from extraneous considerations. A Louis XIV chair possesses graceful form but we like it not only for that, but because of the atmosphere of elegance and fine manners which it conjures up. A Tudor window has beauty in the pattern of its tracery and the color of its glass but we like it, too, because of that aroma of Elizabethan romance which it suggests. We are, I suppose, most of us, antiquarians or sentimentalists in such things. Historical association has much to do with our attitude toward the surroundings we create. Applied art,

therefore, it seems, does well to pay some heed to tradition, just as it must not neglect, of course, the obvious demands of efficiency which must guide its creation.

Tradition and the necessities of function must mold beauty to our needs but that is, after all, begging the question. What are the canons of beauty? Who is to say what is bad taste and what is good? Where is our ultimate authority? There is one famous experiment in official authority, as it happens, in the realm of literature. The French Academy stands guard over the French language with jealous eye and, in such matters as the admission of words and their form, issues judgments of taste from which there is no appeal. But the French Academy operates in a society to which centralized direction is natural. Anglo-Saxon ideas are less subject to governance and order. When our English language is confronted with a slang phrase which has gained increasing currency, it ultimately swallows it, as an anaconda swallows a rabbit—with an effort, it is true, but with the consequence of an increasing vitality. We have numerous examples of self-constituted authorities on questions of taste to which we pay elaborate deference. Modern journalism has assumed a paternal attitude in such matters with the result that our standard of judgment in the applied arts, for instance, is steadily improving. The improvement is probably due, not so much to the final wisdom of the opinions offered as to the individual interest which is created by them. There is no sphere in which man so yearns for guidance as in the sphere of taste. That is why most of us, in contemplating art, are false to our natural Anglo-Saxon individualism. We carry on a pathetic search for authority.

The court of public opinion is a natural tribunal, but in the arts public opinion often makes up in vehemence and prejudice what it lacks in knowledge. The picture of a group of men and women in London solemnly sub-

jecting an unpopular public statue to a coat of tar and feathers might suggest that our generation takes its art pretty seriously, but those good people were simply attempting to demonstrate their loyalty to what they conceived to be orthodoxy in the sculptor's art, and their action, after all, was negative. It would be more comforting to see the same amount of energy expended in raising money for another statue or for some equally constructive enterprise. The enemies of Mr. Epstein's "Rima" tarred and feathered her because they thought her too futuristic, but most of us are accustomed to deal just as ruthlessly with the past. We are ready to give an unequivocal and collective condemnation of an age to which we are successors, just as the Georgians united in decrying Gothic as a style of the barbarians. We are at present very rude, for instance, to the past century. Most of us would say, rightly so. There seems, in fact, little to be said in extenuation of that strange esthetic aberration which passed over civilization in the 1870's and 80's. But our children will be interested to see how far a reaction in its favor will eventually come. Even now smart young persons are reviving horsehair furniture in their drawing-rooms. That is probably a sporadic fad. But the despised wax-flowers have returned, possibly to stay. Will Victorianism as a cult some day be resuscitated? Shall we have a return of antimacassars and china dogs and whatnots and stuffed owls and cast-iron deer? Who knows?

We live as we know—and often say—in a mechanical age when most of life, including almost art itself, seems standardized. But in our attitude toward art, in other words, in the sphere of taste, we should be able to find one happy means of escape from this all-pervading mechanization of life. No two minds, if they function honestly, will reveal quite the same reaction to a given stimulus.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

So ran the old couplet. If we are true to ourselves each of us will follow, as far as we are permitted, his own or her own law in this matter of taste. A character in a novel of Mr. E. V. Lucas asked that his only epitaph should be the two words, "He discriminated." Perhaps it sounds a bit snobbish, at first blush, this boast of having distinguished between the right things and the wrong things—almost as if one was proud to have chosen the right people as companions rather than the wrong ones. But that is an unfair construction. After all, there should not be anything improper or unusual about such an attitude. It is surely the duty of educated men and women to exercise their critical faculty wisely and courageously. One of the major tasks performed by the college is surely to give its spiritual offspring, first, the desire, and secondly, the capacity to know the difference between the genuine and the meretricious in what they see about them, to distinguish real feeling from sentimentality, the noble from the merely florid, the tragic from the sordid, the dramatic from the theatrical.

How are we to acquire such a critical sense? Not by any superficial means. We cannot learn the principles of beauty by taking courses in interior decoration or lectures in musical appreciation, necessary as such things are in their proper place. To learn fundamentals, one must go back to fundamental sources. In discussing the education of taste in literature, Sir Richard Jebb once gave his view as to how this was to be accomplished:

Classical studies help to preserve sound standards of literature. It is not difficult to lose such standards. . . . It is peculiarly easy to do so in days when the lighter and more ephemeral kinds of writing form for many people the staple of daily reading. The fashions of the hour may start a movement not in the best direction, which may go on until the path is difficult to retrace. The humanities, if they cannot prevent such a movement, can do something to temper and counteract it; because they appeal to permanent things, to the instinct for beauty in human nature, and to the emotions, and in anyone who is at all susceptible to their influence, they develop a literary conscience.

What is true of literature is true of the arts. Taste is not inherited nor can it be purchased, nor is it to be acquired in polite conversation. Our critical judgment and capacity to understand fine things can be trained only by a familiarity with fine things. I wish we had fewer textbooks about pictures and music and poetry and a closer acquaintance with the things themselves. Most collectors of pictures or snuffboxes or old silver or prints will confess that their judgment grew with their collection, that only by living with their purchases could they learn to distinguish the bad from the good and the good from the second-best. The lover of old furniture appraises a fine piece through some sixth sense—no rule of thumb will help him, no textbook on periods or makers will greatly assist. The textbook mind is, of course, one of the perils of our age—the mind which seeks for an answer to the questions of life in Section B of Chapter 2 of Professor X's handbook. Beware the textbook mind! We do not escape the danger when we leave college. Everywhere we are confronted by that depressing efficiency which supplies us with elaborate tabulations of second-hand ideas. The modern printing press sometimes seems to have abrogated its duty of stimulating thought in order to address itself to the task of making thought unnecessary. It is in college, of course, that we are privileged to acquire the value of independent thinking. I am grateful for a wholesome shock I received as an undergraduate. I had made some observation in an essay in Medieval History which interested my tutor, who asked me my authority for the opinion. I quoted the name of a historian, respectable and learned, whose opinions were impressive. "Did you consult any original documents?" asked my tutor. I replied in the negative. "Humph," he grunted, "you'll be finding your ideas in the newspapers next."

How is the college to help us acquire a critical faculty? Some intimacy with

fine literature and the arts is somehow not sufficient in itself. We have consciously to develop a definite sense of criticism. I need not say that I am not using criticism in the false sense in which it is often loosely used. I suppose the fact that we often think of the critic in terms of disparagement is an evidence of our failure to understand his function. Criticism is, of course, not depreciation, still less is it to be associated with eulogy. It means a full understanding through the process of analysis. Lord Morley, in a fine passage, speaks of the

... synthetic criticism, which, after analysis has done its work, and disclosed to us the peculiar qualities of form, conception, and treatment, shall collect the products of this first process, construct for us the poet's mental figure in its integrity and just coherence, and then finally, as the sum of its work, shall trace the relations of the poet's ideas, either direct or indirect, through the central currents of thought, to the visible tendencies of an existing age.

The critic, after all, is not a mere minor accessory to the artist. Disraeli was the author of a jibe as untrue as it was cruel when he said "the critics were the men who failed." Criticism in its real sense, as we of course know, is to be recognized as one of the highest forms of intellectual activity. As a recent author has put it:

Taste—critical judgment, discernment—is the most delicate fruit of learning and grows at the top of the tree.

It would appear, however, that this critical faculty usually develops in a community only after some achievement in the arts has first taken place. As in so many things we seem to generate power before we acquire the ability to control and guide it.

The critical mind for the student to cultivate is one which takes nothing for granted, which will accept no opinion on another's authority, which arrives at no conclusion without independent thought. The educated mind forms its own conclusions and is able to defend them. We are all familiar with the time-honored and melancholy observation, "I know nothing about art but I

know what I like." With the first part of the comment we may be generally in complete agreement as representing an accurate statement, but what about the second clause? If we know nothing about art, do we really know what we like? Are we entitled to any preferences if we are unable to explain why we possess them? Is there a form of conscious training which can help us? I recently came across an interesting experiment in education in taste through the medium of poetry. A professor at an English university has made a practice of asking his students to make comments on passages of verse as a mental exercise, without knowledge of either their authors or titles. The results, to judge from a recently published reference to them, were illuminating. One undergraduate, in making a comment on Hardy's poem written on the death of Meredith, observed magnificently:

This might have been written by one commonplace clergyman of another commonplace clergyman.

Another critic-in-the-making apparently decided that this poem was

The work of someone who, whilst acquainted with much at secondhand, has not taken the trouble to acquire his own set of experiences as a basis for values and judgment.

Many of the young ladies and gentlemen apparently looked on the extracts placed before them less as a reflection of the poet's mind than as a text for the expression of their own emotional reactions to life. But, nevertheless, such an experiment seems worth while, so long as it results in creating an increased sensitiveness to the stimulus to be found in literature, or in giving the student an awareness of what lies within books.

However we acquire it, our equipment for life should include what might be called an esthetic conscience. This conscience must be sensitive, but it will do to be rational as well. There is to be preserved a delicate balance between intellect and emotion. We cannot appreciate music, for instance, with the

mind alone. Few of us can honestly emulate the concert-goer who follows the score of a musical composition. Through such a practice one seems to be approaching music through the intellect alone. Leibnitz offered a provocative definition of music when he called it "arithmetic made self-conscious." Music, of course, has a mathematical structure which has a beauty of its own, but its primary appeal is surely to the senses, and those of us who enjoy it as an emotional experience, however uninstructed we may be, are not outside the pale of those for whom its delights were intended. And so with all art. It is possible to overintellectualize it but, on the other hand, if we apply emotion, untempered by intelligence, the result is worse—the sin of sentimentality. I hope I am not disturbing any psychological orthodoxy when I suggest again that the appeal of the arts must be jointly to mind and senses.

Our esthetic conscience should, of course, be many-sided. Our sense of sight might seem to be more highly developed than the others until we realize the daily scene with which most of us human beings seem to be contented. As our hearing is further trained and sensitized, I wonder what changes will come, for instance, in our musical programs, often chosen as badly as they are well performed. And if improvement might come in our programs of music, what moderation can and will be effected in those sounds in modern life which are not music? And there are other fields to be cultivated. Even the lowly sense of taste itself is not unworthy of our attention, perhaps the science of dietetics when it considers esthetics as part—but I must avoid dangerous ground!

The appreciation of art in all its forms—abstract and applied—is worthy of the attention of the university mind. Art is too often thought of only in relation to sonnets, symphonies, and Old Masters, but the same principles are to be found in the streets and rooms we have to see hourly and in the tools

of our everyday life. The concepts underlying a treatise on esthetics are, after all, no different from those governing the design of a lampshade. The restriction of our sense of criticism to an occasional concert or art exhibition and the fleeting hour we grudgingly give to real literature, may well remind us of that kind of religion which is reserved for Sunday alone. Most human beings must find their esthetic stimulus chiefly on the hoardings and in the newspaper or on the walls of whatever may be their home. We are influenced, after all, by what we see oftenest. This suggests to the trained esthetic conscience its opportunity and its appropriate task. In a famous passage Milton says:

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary.

You will remember how it runs. This was written, of course, in terms of a moral issue. If we apply it to the world of art—the fine arts and the applied arts as well—it teaches its own lesson. If the university mind, sensitive to beauty and as discerning as sensitive, and above all possessed of a public spirit, rejects the seclusion of cloistered beauty and sallies out to seek the adversaries of Philistinism and ugliness and sentimentality still to be found about us, there is no telling what victories it might still achieve.

WANDERING PAINTINGS

THE Carnegie Institute is often compelled, in order to secure outstanding examples of an artist's work for the International, to borrow not only from public galleries in the United States but also from those in Europe. This was true, for instance, of four of the paintings by Max Slevogt in the German section of the recent International, which were lent by important public galleries of Germany.

When the call comes from Europe for

an exhibition of American paintings there, the Institute is always glad to repay its debts. At present, visitors to the galleries will miss eight of the paintings from the permanent collection. Two of them—"Anne in White" by George Bellows, and "Fifth Avenue in Winter" by Childe Hassam—have gone to Budapest for an exhibition of American art there, under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts. Six paintings—"Annie McGinley" by Rockwell Kent, "Keeper of the Threshold" by Elihu Vedder, "Vanishing Mist" by Ernest Lawson, "Moonrise" by Horatio Walker, "Inland City" by Robert Spencer, and "Mother and Child" by Gari Melchers—are on their way to Stockholm for an exhibition of American art at the Royal Academy of Art, under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

CHINA BULLDOG COLLECTION

THE Children's Museum has a case in which the boys and girls may exhibit their own special collections. The first use of this case was for a display of dolls from all parts of the world; the second, of figures in soap.

This month Carolyn Clare Snow has filled the case with a most interesting collection of twenty-five china bulldogs, varying from three-quarters of an inch to ten inches in length. In one corner of the case a brindle bull is standing on his hind legs begging to be noticed; another is getting ready to snap at a fly which is perched on the tip of his tail; still another is looking wonderingly at a bee; in the center of the case several dogs are facing each other and in typical bulldog fashion are charging the atmosphere with a desire for combat; while the largest Boston bull is eying the tiniest one in the group in an affectionate manner.

This exhibit will be on display during the remainder of January and all of February.

A NEW ART PATRON

AMONG those who sat in the audience on Founder's Day was Mr. B. G. Follansbee, a distinguished member of a prominent Pittsburgh family, and when his eye roamed over the program, it was arrested where the statement covering the Patrons Art Fund was printed. Here was something that appealed to him—a group comprising eighteen memberships, each volunteering to pay \$1,000 a year for ten years, or \$10,000 apiece, toward a fund to be used for the purchase of paintings and other works of art for the Carnegie Institute. What rich fruitage would come from such an enterprise!

When Mr. Follansbee returned home, he wrote a letter asking that his name be added to the Patrons Art Fund, and this has been done; so the list now numbers nineteen members at \$10,000 each, or \$190,000 to come

from these loving friends for the acquirement of beautiful pictures and other objects for the perpetual enrichment of the collections.

But that is not all. The Carnegie Corporation has volunteered to match all subscriptions to the Patrons Art Fund dollar for dollar up to a certain amount, and already has obligated itself for \$150,000 on this account.

The complete list of memberships, with Mr. Follansbee's name now there, is as follows:

Edward H. Bindley; Paul Block;

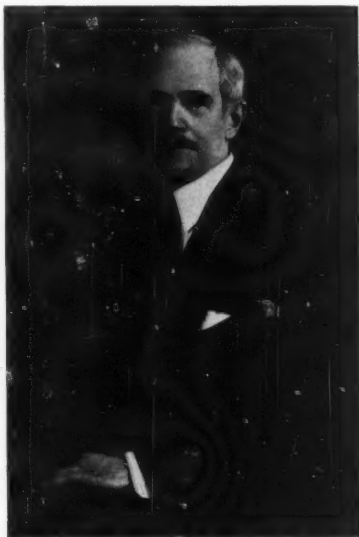
George W. Crawford; B. G. Follansbee; Mrs. William N. Frew, in memory of William N. Frew; Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Mabel Lindsay Gillespie, in memory of David Lindsay Gillespie; Howard Heinz; Mary L. Jackson, in memory of her brother John Beard Jackson; George Lauder; Willis F. McCook; Andrew W. Mellon; Richard B. Mellon;

W. L. Mellon; F. F. Nicola; Mrs. John L. Porter; Mrs. Henry R. Rea; William H. Robinson; Emil Winter; Mrs. Joseph R. Woodwell and Mrs. James D. Hailman, in memory of Joseph R. Woodwell.

The Patrons Art Fund was established in 1922 as a result of an offer by the late Willis F. McCook to give \$10,000 for such a fund, provided that his gift be matched by nine others. Fourteen donors—instead of nine—immediately answered this beneficent challenge!

The newest work purchased through the Patrons Art Fund is the painting—"Girl With Ships" by Karl Sterrer, a Viennese artist—which was in the Austrian group in the recent International Exhibition. Royal Cortissoz has just described it in the January Scribner's as "one of the high lights in the whole Exhibition."

It is a roll of honor. It is a useful and gracious act of giving. New members are always welcome, and one more subscription will bring the total sum to an even \$200,000.



B. G. FOLLANSBEE

PRAY FOR BEN JONSON!

A Review of Byron Steel's "O Rare Ben Jonson"

THE world has long ago fixed upon the poet laureate of Shakespeare's time the friendly and exclamatory cognomen, O Rare Ben Jonson! little recking that this admiring title, comprising the Latin inscription on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, exhorts the beholder to pray for—(orare)—Ben Jonson. But Rare Ben Jonson he surely was, and a book by Byron Steel (Knopf) presents his character so picturesquely portrayed that he stands out in the mind like the canvas of an Old Master.

William Camden, a schoolmaster, whose book, "Britannia," had won him acclaim as the greatest scholar in England, was one day walking through Charing Cross, when he

was stopped by a battle in the street among a lot of schoolboys who were all picking upon one of their number and deriding him because of his coat tails. The victim of their mockery was Benjamin Jonson, then twelve years old, who was fighting his way into the thick of the crowd in a tempestuous mixture of Latin, Greek, and English oaths. Camden quieted the strife and dispersed the tormentors, and then discovered that the sobbing boy before him was the most precocious lad that he had ever met.

Jonson's father had been a clergyman

—one of those men characteristic of the Elizabethan age who absorbed language and scholarship as a sponge absorbs water. When this father died, after giving Ben a good start in the field of learning, the widow in time married a master bricklayer, and when Camden called at the modest home to ask that the boy might be sent to his school, this was agreed to, and for the next five years Ben made such progress that it might well have been asserted that William Camden and Benjamin Jonson, working together, constituted a university. By that time Ben was as accomplished a scholar as almost any man in London. Familiar with the whole remnant of Greek and Latin literature, he could re-

cite long passages from Homer and Virgil, and whole poems by Anacreon, while Catullus and Horace, Aristotle and Plato, the ancient poets and philosophers, were all as familiar to him as were Scott, Byron, and Tennyson to a student of Victoria's time.

But by this time the bricklayer began to feel that he should no longer support a big, husky boy of seventeen, and for the next year Ben was laying bricks throughout the streets of London, all the time regaling his fellow workmen with tales from the mythology and history of other times.



O RARE BEN JONSON!

And then he went into the war against Spain. One day a Spanish trumpeter came down to the English lines and shouted a speech in a language which was understood by no one but Lord Vere and Ben Jonson. And Ben shouted a reply, which caused Lord Vere to laugh explosively. "What was it?" cried the English officers. "What did the Spaniard say?" "Why," laughed Lord Vere, "the trumpeter has brought a challenge from a Spanish cavalier that if any man in the English army will fight a single combat for the sake of his mistress, the noble Marques Juan de Sanguemaldo will meet him in the middle of the field. And Ben Jonson has accepted for himself!"

The soldiers roared. Ben was so fat, so red-faced, his unshaved face so covered with red whiskers—and then—a bricklayer! His figure was not in keeping with the tradition of English chivalry. "And who is your mistress?" shouted the soldiers; and Ben, quickly creating an object of affection who did not really exist, shouted back at them, "Why, Lucy, whose brightness is like the morning star—I shall fight for Lucy!"

At the end of the next hour the Spanish knight came riding out to the field midway between the two armies. He had been shriven by his confessor, and now, with but one attendant, he dismounted and, in shining armor from head to foot, stood waiting for his foe. But what foe is that who approaches him? An English knight, indeed, but coming on foot, walking laboriously, and clothed with ill-fitting, rusty armor. Suddenly the English champion staggered and fell, with a great clatter of metal, and four or five soldiers rushed forward and set him on his feet, then retired to the anxious English lines.

"I fight for Ysabel," cried the Spaniard proudly, and naming the wife of his trusting friend in Madrid.

"And I fight for Lucy," replied Ben Jonson, and then they began to cut and thrust, with the Spaniard always the more skillful, pressing his fat antagon-

ist into a state of phlegmatic fatigue. When the combat had gone on for ten minutes, Jonson grasped his sword with both hands and as the Spaniard came in, he smote him on his plumed casque, cutting through to the chin, and the noble Marques was no more. Ben Jonson was the hero of the English army. "But too bad," he said, on rejoining his companions, "there is no Lucy." Hence when he got back to London, he married Jane, the girl who so tenderly served him with wine at the Moon Tavern.

Jonson then applied to a theatrical manager for a place in a strolling troupe of players. "What!" cried Henslowe—"with that face, those hands, those whiskers! No—you can't be an actor. But wait—you'll do for a murderer; yes, you'll make a good murderer!" And Ben was hired, and was invariably cast for a murderer or a devil. But one day Henslowe discovered that Jonson had a fine faculty for touching up old plays and making them more thrilling and more actable, and so recalled him to London, where he mended scores of plays. He and a player named Spenser got drunk together, quarreled, fought a duel, and Spenser was killed. Jonson was held in gaol, expecting to be hanged at Tyburn, when a friend came in to tell him that a manager named William Shakespeare had accepted his play, "Every Man in His Humor." In the joy of authorship he cared neither for life nor death; but in a short time he was out of his trouble, and with Shakespeare beside him he witnessed the presentation of the piece which made him immediately famous, and gave him money enough to live with Jane for a while in a decent house.

Queen Elizabeth had just cut off Mary Stuart's head, and in order to divert the people who looked upon that execution with misgivings, Elizabeth sent for Jonson to prepare a pageant, and he wrote "Cynthia's Revels," exaggerating Cynthia into a flattering portrait of the Queen, to her delight, as a pattern of virtue and justice. This work was followed by "The Poetaster,"

in which he satirized some of the literary pretenders of his day—chief of whom were the effeminate Marston and the scribbling Dekker.

Again he sat with Shakespeare—this time to see the first performance of "Julius Caesar," and he resolved to surpass Shakespeare with a real tragedy of Rome which would ignore the Elizabethan puns and manners so freely used in his friend's Roman plays. And so came his ambitious piece, "Sejanus," so Roman, so didactic, so declamatory that the audience hooted it off the stage, and demanded their admission money returned.

He was once brought before the court on the question of his religion. Was he Catholic or Protestant? Avowing himself of the Queen's faith, he was discharged, and as he was walking out of the courtroom the judge, knowing his profound scholarship, asked him to read a manuscript of the jurist's own composition and express his opinion upon it. In a few days Jonson, who found the piece full of absurdities, returned it to the judge suggesting that "His Worship should send it to the House of Correction."

Sir Walter Raleigh was working on his "History of the World," and employed Ben to compose the information on the Punic War. Elizabeth was dead, and the pedantic James came from Scotland to unite the two countries and rule over them both, and James found just that fount of learning in Jonson which his own literary aspirations most needed, and Ben Jonson was made poet laureate of England. But in one of his carousals he was again put in prison and was in danger of having his ears cut off, when the King heard of it, and had his friend brought to Whitehall, where he wept to think of the disgrace which had threatened one whose genius was such an ornament to the nation, and he publicly honored him, with his own hand placing a golden chain around his neck, as kings did in ancient Bible times. Anne of Denmark was James' Queen, and she liked plays

so much that Jonson was kept busy preparing court masques which were produced with accessories and costuming of great beauty. Inigo Jones, the great architect, assisted in building the scenery which, at Jonson's relentless dictation and to Jones' helpless fury, had to include an indoor ocean! Eventually, however, an ocean which really foamed, swelled, and billowed was accomplished—much to the delighted amazement of the royal audience. Ben and Inigo were well paid by the King for their pains, but we may be sure it was Ben who insisted upon taking the major part of the glory.

And then came those wonderful evenings at the Mermaid Tavern, where Jonson sat each night with Shakespeare, Chapman, Robert Cotton, John Donne, Beaumont, Fletcher, Kit Marlowe—what a gathering was that, my masters!

Sir Walter Raleigh, now a prisoner in the Tower, who was still working on his world history, had a son but sixteen years old, the pride of his heart, and he engaged Jonson to take the boy for a tour of the Continent; but there the lad's ideas of a good time surpassed even his tutor's profligacy, and Jonson was glad to get him back to his father in England without seeing the inside of a prison.

Jonson attended a performance of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII" when a cannon that was fired to acclaim Henry's entrance on the stage set the building on fire, and Jonson performed great feats of valor in rescuing many persons in the audience. But the Puritans said the fire was the judgment of God, and that the theater should be suppressed.

A comedy, "Bartholomew Fair," was Jonson's next gift to the stage, and this play had great popular success. Flushed with this achievement, Jonson went down to Stratford, taking with him Drayton and the star tragedian, Richard Burbage, and the three friends drank many tankards of English ale with the Bard of Avon. Quick upon their return to London, Jonson learned of the death of Shakespeare, and then, free

from all feelings of rivalry, he penned that noble tribute to his "beloved master, William Shakespeare," which gives the world an intimate view of the greatest author of all time.

Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKESPEARE rise! . . .
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give. . . .
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned
like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Jonson feared that he was growing too fat—in our day he would have looked after his blood pressure—and in order to reduce his flesh, he walked from London to Edinburgh and back. While in Scotland, he visited William Drummond, who was so shocked by his profanity and drunkenness that he never wanted to see him again. King James, however, wished to make Jonson a baronet—Sir Benjamin Jonson—but the nobility frantically protested—"A bricklayer become a baronet! Your Majesty—please!" So the King desisted from his purpose, and dying soon after, left his son Charles to go forward with a tragic reign. After that came more plays, "The New Inn," "The Magnetic Lady," "The Devil is an Ass," and "The Tale of a Tub." But he was losing his popularity; evil days came upon him, he became ill, had a stroke, then another. The King came to see his poet. "Westminster Abbey?" whispered Jonson. "Yes," answered Charles. And there he lies, with that epitaph, so suitable to his spiritual need in Latin, so descriptive of his private character in English—ORARE BEN JONSON!—Pray for Ben Jonson! But this hard-drinking, gaming, dueling, slovenly, ill-favored, fat, ugly, coarse-mannered English poet has left us the

most tender and exquisite song ever written in our mother tongue. We give it here:

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

S. H. C.

THE W. S. STIMMEL COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS

THE most interesting exhibition of the winter season at the Carnegie Institute will be the paintings from the collection of W. S. Stimmel, which will open on January 23 and will close on March 9.

A part of Mr. Stimmel's collection was shown at the Institute as the Founder's Day Exhibition in 1918 while the War was on, but since that time he has added a number of important paintings to it.

The exhibition will include three First Prize paintings in Carnegie Internationals, "The Bath" by Gaston La Touche, "Pastorella" by Charles Sims, and "Horitia and Fabiola" by Ferruccio Ferrazzi. A number of paintings which won other awards in Carnegie Internationals will be in the Exhibition, including "String Quartette" by Richard Jack. In all, there will be about forty paintings by European and American artists.

PERSONALITY

Gladstone, who was supposed to be grave, was so charming in company that to be able to go on hating him, one had to avoid meeting him.

—DISRAELI

BOYHOOD BOOKS BORROWED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

WHEN Andrew Carnegie was but a lad in Pittsburgh, he was one of the most regular Saturday afternoon callers at Colonel Anderson's private library. And among the diversified titles that appealed to young Andrew most were such tempting ones as "History and Present Condition of St. Domingo," "Historical Sketches of Statesmen who Flourished in the Time of George III," "Lives of Most Eminent Sovereigns," "Confessions of a Reformed Inebriate," "Reflection," "Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion," "Magic of Kindness," "Tour of Duty in California," "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," "History of Peter the Great," "Connection of the Physical Sciences," and "Heroines of Sacred History." These very books from Colonel Anderson's own lending shelves were sent recently to the Andrew Carnegie Memorial Birthplace in Dunfermline, Scotland, for its opening.

Having drunk deep in his youth from this Pierian spring, Mr. Carnegie, when only thirty-three and not yet particularly affluent, gave his first library—the Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny.

In front of it stands a bust of Colonel Anderson, and beneath it is a statue of a Pittsburgh iron worker, surmounting a bronze tablet that records an early friendship in a beautiful way:

TO COLONEL JAMES ANDERSON - FOUNDER OF
FREE LIBRARIES IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

HE OPENED HIS LIBRARY TO WORKING BOYS AND UPON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS ACTED AS LIBRARIAN, THUS DEDICATING NOT ONLY HIS BOOKS BUT HIMSELF TO THE NOBLE WORK. THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE BY ANDREW CARNEGIE, ONE OF THE WORKING BOYS TO WHOM WERE THUS OPENED THE PRECIOUS TREASURES OF KNOWLEDGE AND IMAGINATION THROUGH WHICH YOUTH MAY ASCEND.

Two influences which had exercised themselves upon his boyhood had much

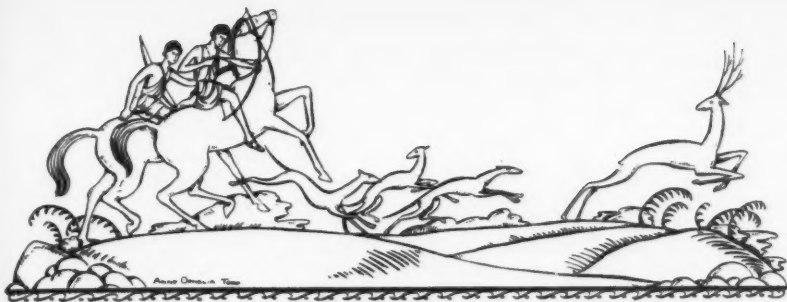
to do with the creation of this library: one was the spirit of his father and the weavers of Dunfermline who had maintained the little free reading room from which he had got his first taste of books; and the other was the inspiring friendliness of Colonel Anderson. How strong the latter influence was is attested by these recollections by Mr. Carnegie. "My own personal experience may have led me to value a free library beyond all other forms of beneficence. When I was a working boy in Pittsburgh, Colonel Anderson of Allegheny—a name that I can never speak without feelings of devotional gratitude—opened his little library of four hundred books to boys. No one but he who has felt it can ever know the intense longing with which the arrival of Saturday was awaited that a new book might be had. My brother and Mr. Phipps, who have been my principal business partners through life, shared with me Colonel Anderson's precious generosity, and it was when reveling in the treasures which he opened to us that I resolved, if wealth ever came to me, that it should be used to establish free libraries, that other poor boys might receive opportunities similar to those for which we were indebted to that noble man."

How far that little candle of Colonel Anderson's library threw his beam! By 1926 funds had been appropriated either by Mr. Carnegie or by his philanthropic foundation, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, for some 3,000 library buildings scattered throughout the world, of which 1,946 are located in the United States, with an expenditure first and last of about \$50,000,000.

SENECA ON WAR

We punish an individual guilty of assault or murder, but the massacre of a people is considered a glorious deed.

—SENECA



THE GARDEN OF GOLD

LEAPING through the trees and along the flowered paths of the Garden of Gold, a stag, breathless from the chase, threw himself at Penelope's feet.

"Oh, Jason," cried Penelope, "the huntsmen are pursuing this deer! What a shame to kill a beautiful animal!"

"The deer has escaped them," answered the Gardener, peering around. "Let this noble stag feel that he has our protection. I have never approved of deer-killing since my friend, Actaeon, had his tragic adventure."

The deer rose to his feet, and Penelope stroked his neck.

"Tell me about it," she said. "Who was Actaeon?"

"He was the son of King Cadmus, and one day this prince went hunting with a happy group of his friends. When they had brought down many a stag like this, and they were all heated with the chase, Actaeon proposed that they dismount from their horses, put down their bows and arrows, and lie under the greenwood tree; and this they all did, except the prince, who wandered off pensively into the forest.

"Now, there was an open space in the heart of this forest, thickly surrounded with bushes, and in the center a fountain making a pool of water, where the huntress queen, Diana, came every day to bathe. On this day she, too, had finished her chase, and coming with her retinue of nymphs to this secluded spot, she handed

her javelin to one, her bow to another, her quiver and arrows and at last her robe and sandals to others, and thus, in all her loveliness, the goddess stepped into the limpid pool, laughing and shouting with her maidens as her feet touched the cool water."

"How I should have loved to be there!" cried Penelope.

"Penelope—that was no place for you," answered Jason, somewhat severely. "Don't forget that the prince was coming that way."

"Oh!" gasped Penelope. "Wonderful!"

"Well, Actaeon came through the trees, and as his eyes beheld the entrancing scene, with the assurance that goes with royal blood, he continued to pick his way stealthily until he reached the very edge of the pool. A shriek from many nymphs caused the undraped Diana to turn toward the audacious intruder, and she, too, uttered a cry of rage and shame, while her maidens ran to wrap her in her mantle."

"I hope she dismissed the incident as a trivial one," suggested Penelope.

"Not she," said Jason. "With wrathful eyes, Diana told Actaeon that he had now seen the queen of hunters unapparelled, and he should have his reward. Immediately the prince felt a pair of branching antlers grow



out of his head, his neck gained in length, his ears grew sharp-pointed, his hands became feet, his arms long legs, and his body was covered with a spotted hide."

"She had turned him into a stag?" asked Penelope.

"Yes, and with this transformation his character was changed into the stag's nature. Fear took the place of his former boldness, and the prince fled, finding himself running with incredible speed, and stopping at last at a brook where he beheld his startling reflection in the water. He could not speak, but tears flowed down the face which had taken the place of his own. Yet his consciousness remained. He longed to go home to his father's palace, but just at that instant he was sighted by his own dogs, who began to bay, and then his former companions sprang upon their horses, and with the pack, rushed after him. Fleeter than the wind Actaeon sped away, the hounds and huntsmen following, the horns blowing. Over rocks and cliffs, through mountain gorges and over streams they ran. Where the poor prince had often chased the deer and cheered on his pack, his pack now chased him, cheered on by his own courtiers. He tried to call out that he was Actaeon, their master, but the words would not come. Presently one of the dogs fastened upon his neck, others leaped on his back, seized his shoulder, his legs, until all had buried their teeth in his flesh. His friends cheered on the dogs, and looked everywhere for Actaeon, calling on him to join the sport. At the sound of his name he turned his head and heard them regret that he should be away; and the dogs persisted until they had torn out his life. Diana, watching the tragedy from afar, was now revenged."

"What a pitiful tale!" cried Penelope. "It was too harsh a punishment. He could see many Dianas at the seashore today, basking in the sun, who would not treat him so severely." She stroked the stag with affection. "I shall call you Actaeon," she said, addressing

the animal, "and you shall stay here in the Garden of Gold forever."

Since the establishment of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE nearly three years ago, not a month has gone by without bringing its shower of gold to the operating or endowment funds of these Carnegie enterprises—Tech, the Library, or the Institute. Sometimes the amounts are small, sometimes large, but large or small they are equally welcome, and show a popular regard for the spread of the work here which is as life-giving as the cruse of oil which the prophet bestowed upon the destitute widow.

Here is a letter which illustrates this point. The author desires to withhold his name; we wish he would not, but that is for him to say. Without seeking to throw any light upon his identity, it can be said that he is one of Pittsburgh's rising citizens, already successful through the fruits of his own genius. He has made many a ramble through the Museum halls, where the wonders of natural history have arrested his attention; and then he has gone into the galleries to enjoy the pictures; and when the International Exhibitions are on, he and his wife spend a goodly part of their lives there, and have purchased several paintings from it which now adorn their homes.

As you know, we are very much interested in all of the different departments of your important institution. The excellent results attained must be a source of gratification to those in charge. We have read with interest, also, the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, and have watched the growth of your Garden of Gold.

May we add our mite to the ultimate goal—a check for \$1,000 being inclosed, and we should like you to apply it where you feel the most urgent need.

This gentleman has been informed that his contribution has been placed in the Endowment Fund of the Carnegie Institute, where the Carnegie Corporation of New York will double it in 1936, when it will become \$2,000.

The death of Allan Rupert Edwards, a young business man of Pittsburgh, occurred on October 29, from pneu-



ALLAN RUPERT EDWARDS

\$40 to the Carnegie Library for that purpose. The volumes will be carefully selected by the staff, and a bookplate bearing Mr. Edwards' name will be inserted in each one.

Mr. Edwards was born May 12, 1895, in Walsall, Staffordshire, England; attended Oxford; served as captain of the Royal Engineers in the World War; was cited in dispatches; came to Pittsburgh in 1922; junior partner with his brother in H. S. Edwards and Company, brokers; admitted to United States citizenship in 1929. He was an earnest man of business, an enthusiastic horseman, a quietly impressive man, admired in life, regretted in his untimely death, cherished in happy memory by many friends.



JANE FALES

was earned by the girls through a Christmas sale of the handwork made in class. The inspiration for this annual contribution is Miss Jane Fales, head of the Department. This good sum at compound interest will grow to \$220.38, and when matched two for one by the

monia. Following a beautiful custom of providing memorial books, rather than perishable flowers, which was initiated by Mrs. James R. Macfarlane, a group of eight of his friends contributed a fund of

The Costume Economics Department of the Margaret Morrison Carnegie College has given \$100 to the Tech Endowment Fund. This makes the third successive year that this Department has given a like sum, which

Carnegie Corporation of New York in the glad year of 1946 will become \$661.14.

THE ALEXANDER J. WURTS CHRISTMAS DINNER

THE annual Christmas dinner, provided by Alexander J. Wurts through an endowment fund, for those Carnegie Tech students who are unable to go home for the holidays was given on



ALEXANDER J. WURTS

Christmas day. Mr. H. K. Kirk-Patrick, assistant professor of English at Tech, and Mrs. Kirk-Patrick, who is head of the Woodlawn Houses, most kindly offered their home as a setting for the celebration.

It was a Christmas feast indeed—in the best American tradition—and as a proper ending real English plum pudding was served, and cigarette-lighters were given as favors. This is the third year that this festival dinner for the holiday orphans has been extended through Mr. Wurts' most thoughtful and beautiful provision.

The six guests were: F. A. Gibbs, of Asheville, N. C.; C. F. Hanson, of Butte, Mont.; Walter Olszewski, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; R. L. Paquette, of New Bedford, Mass.; E. R. Senkus, of Waterbury, Conn.; and Eli Stoltzfus, of Lima, Ohio.

Mr. Wurts does not know the reaches of his benevolence. It was this endowment of his, and the spirit of regard for the happiness of the boys and girls who come to Carnegie Tech, that inspired Herbert DuPuy, whose death is referred to on another page, to contribute \$5,000 to the Endowment Fund of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Thus one good deed doth tread upon another's heels.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of "The Gardener's Dog" by Lope de Vega, Produced by Boris Glagolin, Director of the Soviet Art Theater of Moscow

By E. MARTIN BROWNE, Assistant Professor of Drama



OPEN-MINDEDNESS is the mark of vitality in an artistic institution. Not the open mind of indifference, which is only a sieve for ideas, but the open mind of enthusiasm, which assimilates ideas into itself. To

such a mind, the healthy shock of meeting a revolutionary is a periodic necessity, and whips it up to a new access of vital effort.

The Drama Department invited a director fresh from Russia to put on Lope de Vega's play, "The Gardener's Dog." A test, this, of the open-mindedness of the student-actors, and of the Institute and its friends as audience. Here is a sixteenth-century play, of the type which the Department usually performs in the traditional manner, transformed into an entertainment so riotous as to be almost a revue. What little there was of plot is almost completely submerged under the avalanche of light-hearted, colorful merrymaking. The play, in the usual sense, ceases to exist; but from its ruins come players, infected with its gay, debonair spirit, whose capers are play indeed. And everyone joins in the game. Never has one seen such a display of wholehearted enthusiasm by the actors, and the audience seemed to give up their usually critical attitude and chuckle themselves into an equally ebullient mood.

Abundance was the keynote of the production. Incident followed incident so quickly and with such impulsive

abandon that the audience was swept along in the stream of enjoyment without having time to question the probability of anything or the relation of one happening to another. Never did the stream become thin—the extravaganza was extravagant to the end. Unusually sumptuous as the production was in decoration, the acting was sufficiently full-flavored and virile to retain its supremacy. Mr. Glagolin, who is himself an actor of genius, had induced his students to follow him in an absolute surrender of self to the mood of the play. So he created on the stage the very spirit of old Spain, in which amorous intrigues of the most fantastic complexity were a natural part of the exuberant life of that sunlit land. Almost we believed for one evening that Pittsburgh had two hundred days of ultra-violet sunlight a year instead of its own miserable fifty-two!*

This achievement was described on the program as "an experiment in Russian Constructivism." Theatrical students in the audience therefore expected stark slopes and staircases of unplanned planking, with agonized actors in angular attitudes posing passionately upon them—"a theater," as its bigots claim, "stripped of its illusions." The uninitiated merely expected some queerness or other, which the new ism would serve to explain—and doubtless found it useful, for instance, when the Madonna leaped gleefully to heaven because a selfish minx accepted her lover's hand in marriage.

But neither student nor tyro was much worried by Constructivism, pro or con, during the actual course of the play. To everyone it was "a grand

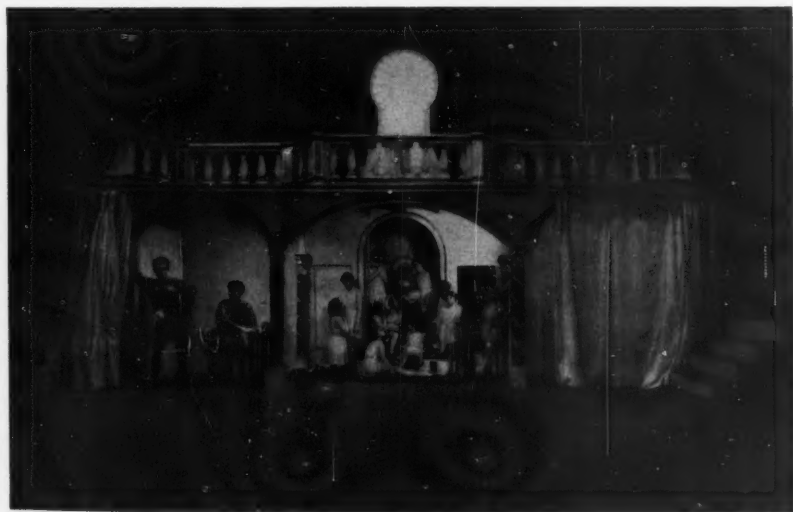
*And this from a Londoner! O Martin!

show." And judging by the explanation which was offered us by Bacchus and his Maenads among the audience during the intermissions, the whole Constructivist theory, to an artist like Mr. Glagolin, amounts to nothing more nor less than a fresh and free rethinking of the old dictum—"the play's the thing."

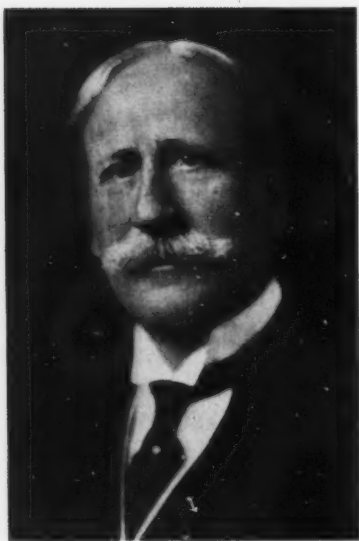
Such fresh thought is invaluable to us in the theater. It analyzes, and makes us analyze our profession from the ground up. What was the first thing in the theater? Bacchus—Dionysus—Inspiration. And the second? The actor—vehicle of inspiration, using mime and music. And the third? Words—the dramatist, making sense and reflection of the actors' inspired gambols. And the fourth? Decoration, beautifying the actor and his background.

How often have we distorted this sequence! Not always for evil, be it observed. There is a profound dramatic as well as social value in the realistic play, which makes the dramatist all-powerful because he has seen an artistic

unity hidden in the trumpery happenings of everyday life. There is worth in the purely decorative spectacle, which in itself can move one to emotional response. But we, who have fed and worked so largely on these types of theater, find rejuvenation in going back ever and anon to the fountainhead of our art, in putting the spirit of the play first, and with it the actor who bears the spirit. Mr. Stout's decoration was beautiful, yet it was never more than what it was built to be—a playground for the actors. The period of the play had its influence on manners, costume, and setting, but not a realistic influence; it was the spirit, not the letter, of the sixteenth century that was reborn. And even that spirit was transformed by the passage of the centuries, so that its new manifestation was not the same as the old, but different—adding modern freedom to ancient grace of movement and of speech; showing that the Theater, as old as Greece, is yet eternally new, since the Dionysian inspiration is eternally ready for those who seek it.



SCENE FROM "THE GARDENER'S DOG"—STUDENT PLAYERS



HERBERT DUPUY

THE death of Herbert DuPuy occurred on January 10, 1930. Mr. DuPuy had been a trustee of the Carnegie Institute for more than seventeen years, and during all of that time had given devoted and enthusiastic attention to its work. As a member of both the Museum and Fine Arts Committees, his ripe experience as a connoisseur and a collector in the field of art gave value to his advice in the development of those departments. In 1927 he and Mrs. DuPuy presented to the Institute a large and beautiful collection of objects of art, comprising miniatures, snuffboxes, enamels, ivory and wood carvings, polychromes, fans, and a variety of goldsmith and silversmith works. This collection, which was fully described and illustrated in the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* at that time, attracts the constant study and admiration of all visitors. Mr. DuPuy made frequent contributions to the endowment and operating funds of the Carnegie Institute, and gave to Carnegie Tech's endowment fund \$5,000, which with its accumulations of com-

pound interest will receive two dollars for one dollar in the 1946 settlement and will be worth \$40,200. He also presented the Institute with two Italian primitives. Mr. DuPuy was prominent in the world of business, notable in deeds of charity, and interested in every good work, and his death has caused a keen sense of loss among those whose privilege it was to know him as a friend.

BOURDELLE DRAWINGS

IT is rather difficult these days to present exhibitions that are different, and yet this will be the chief characteristic of the exhibition of drawings by Pierre Bourdelle which the Carnegie Institute will present from January 30 to March 9 on the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture.

Pierre Bourdelle is the son of the late French sculptor, Émile Antoine Bourdelle. He was born in Paris in 1901, educated at the Lycée Henri Quatre, and later studied at the Sorbonne. In 1920 he worked for Edgar Brandt as designer and model-maker in hammered iron, did considerable research by himself on the subject of batiks (hand-dyeing of textiles in intricate designs, originated in the Dutch East Indies), and went on with his own drawing and painting at night.

In 1921 he entered the army, where he remained some two and a half years, serving most of the time in aviation. Later, he organized a plant for the production of batiks, and with several assistants, produced them on a fairly large scale for commercial firms. In 1926 he came to the United States and has lived in New York City ever since. During these past three years he has done work of various kinds in painting and designing but his principal work, and that upon which he is concentrating more and more, is in the field in which he wishes to specialize—mural decoration. Most of the drawings in the exhibition will be studies for his mural decorations.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PRINTS



THE NET WAGON BY GIFFORD BEAL

THE Exhibition of American Prints, now being shown on the balcony of Sculpture Hall, presents two interesting phases: when taken as a whole, it serves as a history of American prints; and, when individual examples are studied, it reveals a marked transition among contemporary etchers away from tradition, and gives a glimpse of what the American print may become in the next two decades.

The Exhibition consisted originally of over 400 prints assembled by the American Federation of Arts for the Victoria and Albert Museum of London. It aimed to be comprehensive as to tendencies, and historical in that it included examples by all of the well-known American engravers. When it became necessary to reduce the number of prints for the showing at the Carnegie Institute, the historical aspect of the collection was preserved. In it are found examples of the etchings of Frank Duveneck, Robert Blum, Joseph Pennell, Mary Cassatt, George Bellows, and Arthur B. Davies. These names represent sixty years in the history of prints in the United States.

George Bellows through his lithographs which express a somewhat caustic comment on American life, and John Sloan, in his etchings of homely subjects, mark the point of departure between the old and the new. Childe Hassam, Frank Benson, and Ernest D. Roth work from the traditional point of view—both as to subject and technique—while Glenn O. Coleman, Edward Hopper, and Harry Wickey are noticeably influenced by the more modern tendencies.

The younger etchers in the Exhibition, like Martin Lewis, Peggy Bacon, Wanda Gag, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt, are interested in lights and shadows, in line and form, and in scenes of everyday life—gasoline station by night, roof of a skyscraper, kitchen on ironing day.

What the future may have in keeping for American etchers can be surmised by contrasting, for instance, the etchings of Joseph Pennell's industrial subjects with "Hellgate Bridge" by Louis Lozowick, or Arnold Ronnebeck's "Brooklyn Bridge," or Charles Sheeler's "Industrial Series, No. 1." The etching with the delicate line, indefinite form,

and romantic atmosphere is gone, for the time being at least, and in its place has come the etching of strong line, powerful forms, realistic, clean-cut scenes from a raw, bleak, and intensely industrial civilization.

The Exhibition will remain at the Institute until January 25.



THE WHITE DEER

ON the opening day of the last buck season (December 1, 1927) Ashley H. Brockett, of Pittsburgh, while hunting near Hammersley Fork in Clinton County, Pennsylvania, had the good fortune to bag a splendid white male deer, which he presented to the Carnegie Museum. It has been mounted by Harold J. Clement, of the Museum staff, and was recently placed on exhibition for the first time. A second deer, not yet on display but quite similar to this one, was obtained by Carroll Caruthers in Westmoreland County and has also been presented to the Museum.

The white deer has eyes, hoofs, muzzle, and small patches of natural colorings distinguishing it from the albino deer which is invariably devoid

of all pigment, even to the covering of the eyeball through which blood shows to produce the pink eye, always associated with it.

George Shiras III, of Washington, D.C., formerly of Pittsburgh, at one time kept a herd of nonalbinistic white deer—for the most part captured as fawns—on his place at Grand Island, Michigan, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. Although white deer are thus recorded from time to time, it is seldom that such a mature one as this, which was possibly eight years old, is taken; for, with the intensive hunting in all game-inhabited districts, such deer freaks seldom escape the gun.

The longevity of this deer may perhaps be attributed to the system of game-refuges in Pennsylvania—a conservation system initiated some twenty years ago by the State Game Commission, and since copied by most of the other States. These refuges, which constitute sanctuaries as inviolate as the sanctuaries established by the Church for the oppressed peoples of the Middle Ages, consist of wild and isolated tracts—generally State-owned—whose boundaries are marked by placards and by a suspended wire, under which no person may pass during the open hunting season on any pretext whatever without incurring the penalties of the game laws. Should a badly wounded animal pass under the wire, the hunter may apply to the refuge-keeper who will as an act of mercy dispatch the animal and give it to the hunter.

With such enlightened management Pennsylvania has become one of the greatest States in the nation for hunting. Mr. Shiras says that in his boyhood days it is doubtful if there were a thousand deer in the wilder parts of Pennsylvania. With the institution of protective measures and the extermination of the archdestroyer, the timber wolf, Pennsylvania's deer herd has increased until during the last open season, more than 15,000 bucks were legally taken—a number exceeded by only one other State, Minnesota.

CHOOSING OUR SENATORS

BY MAURICE SINCLAIR SHERMAN, *Editor of the Hartford Courant*

[The following editorial is reprinted from the Hartford Courant, discussing an article on the same subject which was published in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE's department, Through the Editor's Window, in November. By a slip of the pen the Magazine Editor named the Sixteenth Amendment when he should of course have said the Seventeenth. He makes acknowledgment in tears and ashes.]

WE have been interested in the discussion carried on by the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE relative to the changes that have come over the United States Senate since its members were elected by direct vote of the people. Strangely enough, considering its source, the Magazine makes repeated references in this connection to the Sixteenth Amendment, as do those who have taken part in the discussion. Of course, this is an error. The Sixteenth Amendment gives Congress the power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration. It is the Seventeenth Amendment, adopted by a resolution of Congress in 1912 and declared ratified by the required number of States in 1913, that provides for the popular election of Senators.

But this aside, answering the question of a contributor, "Do you not believe in a democratic form of government?" the Editor of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE emphatically says, no. He declares unreservedly for the republican, or representative, form of government which our founding fathers laid down in the Constitution. They subscribed to the equality of opportunity, they held all men to be politically equal before the law, but they did not believe, to quote the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, "that in the great realm of human government, one man regardless of his education, intelligence, or character, was as good as another; and so they devised a system of selection which would be ever responsive to the needs of the people, but never so weak that it would be swept from its ground by any

outcry from the ignorant, the bigoted, or the incompetent."

The master spirits of America may not have known as much as we now know about the varying degrees of intelligence, but they knew enough to avoid the pitfalls of a pure democracy. They developed their theory of representative government by providing that the House of Representatives should be chosen by universal suffrage, while the members of the Senate were to be elected by the legislatures of the various States. It was their belief that by this method of selection the Senate would be composed of really exceptional men and would be a check against the emotionalism and legislative indiscretions of the House. But because now and then an undesirable man got into the Senate, by corrupting the legislature or otherwise, a cry arose to cure the situation by electing Senators by direct vote.

We would not say that there are not some members of the Senate just as able, just as nationally-minded, just as powerful in debate as the Senate of old, but taking the body as a whole it does not begin to measure up to the intellectual standard that characterized the Senate when its members were chosen by State legislatures in accordance with the representative principle. We do not think the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE indulges in overstatement when it says that the "effect of the Amendment has been to give us a Senate, as Cicero said, 'wasting the night in words,' misusing its immunity to indulge in chicanery, exploiting the lowest forms of bigotry, shamelessly violating the canons of social etiquette, and avoiding in noisy harangues the broad ave-

nues that lead to constructive statesmanship."

Those who, unmindful of the consequences of pure democracy as exemplified by the Senate and as clearly revealed in the pages of history, would further break down our representative system of government would do well to ponder this statement of Dr. R. J. Berry, the distinguished brain surgeon:

From the population of any civilized nation today remove, say, twenty per cent of the really "brainy"—that is, those with an adequately developed brain, and an adequate education—and modern civilization would quickly degenerate to the primitive habits of the cave man.

Whether or not Dr. Berry has fixed his percentage too high or too low, he has unquestionably approximated the truth. Our early philosophers of government had not Dr. Berry's scientific deductions to guide them, but

they sensed the fact that in every people there were certain natural leaders whose judgment and advice were worthy of more consideration than the emotional reactions of the crowd. The success that our government has attained in reality has been due to the leadership of the comparatively few, to adhering strictly to the representative principle, as distinguished from the theory proclaimed by Bryan and others that the cure for the evils of democracy was more democracy—a theory which entirely overlooks the fact that our government was never intended to be a democracy. But it was intended that there should be just enough democracy to prevent leadership from becoming high-handed and arrogant, from assuming that it had a vested right in government to be exercised for its own advantage.

THE CULTURAL MOVEMENT ELSEWHERE

How material prosperity is being used by successful men and women in other cities for the spiritual development of the American people

EDWARD S. HARKNESS, great and good friend of Yale University, has lately given \$10,000 to the Metropolitan Museum, of which he is a trustee.

Ralph H. Beaton has given substantial expression to his interest in the advancement of art training in Ohio by his presentation of \$60,000 to the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts—an amount sufficient for the complete cost of an art school building there.

The Pennsylvania Museum of Art has gained a new room in its period series—German Renaissance—through the interest of Henry Dolfinger, of Merion, Pennsylvania.

Sheffield, England, has been offered £30,000 by Alderman J. G. Graves toward the building of a new central art gallery and library. This is not the first time that the people of Sheffield have felt Alderman Graves' liberality; for he earlier gave his city a park of 154

acres and £10,000 towards the purchase of a famous stretch of woodlands. Added to his most recent gift will be one hundred pictures from his private collection to be hung in the new public gallery.

Joseph Widener will perpetuate the memory of his father by the erection of a \$7,000,000 building in his native city of Philadelphia to exhibit the Widener collection of priceless masterpieces to the public.

Andrew W. and Richard Beatty Mellon have given a joint fellowship of \$30,000 to the new Wilmer Eye Institute in connection with the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, which will make possible postgraduate work by physicians.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Brown, of New York, have presented New York University with a building at Washington Square, valued at \$1,900,000.



THE COTTONTAIL RABBIT

A new group has recently been placed in the Children's Museum showing the Cottontail Rabbit. It portrays a whole family of these well-known animals of our countryside. The little ones, about two weeks old, are seen near their nest, while the mother rabbit stands on her hind legs to make sure that all is safe and that no enemy hawks, snakes, or weasels are around.

The setting includes some flowers such as the sessile trillium and other typical native plants. Two butterflies complete the group and add a touch of life to this attractive new installation mounted by Reinhold L. Fricke. The background was painted by Ottmar F. von Fuehrer.

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS TWENTIETH EXHIBITION

THE Twentieth Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh will open at the Carnegie Institute on February 13.

The Jury of Selections and Awards composed of three nationally known artists—John Carroll, Charles W. Hawthorne, and Ivan Olinsky—will meet on February 1. In addition to the awards heretofore offered, a new prize has been announced—The Euphemia

Bakewell Memorial Prize of \$50 for figure or figures in oil, given by Mary E. Bakewell and Mrs. T. H. B. McKnight.

THE MAKING OF WILLS

In making a will, money left to the Carnegie Institute should be covered by the following phrase:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE in the City
of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

.....Dollars

And bequests to the Carnegie Institute of Technology should be phrased like this:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF
TECHNOLOGY OF PITTS-
BURGH, PENNSYLVANIA*

.....Dollars

The Carnegie Institute stands in immediate need of a further addition of \$3,000,000 to its endowment funds—that is, \$1,000,000 for Fine Arts, \$1,000,000 for Museum, and \$1,000,000 for the unhampered continuance of the International Exhibition of Paintings.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology stands equally in need of large additions to its endowment funds, and is slowly—but very steadily—building up the \$4,000,000 which it must raise in order to secure \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Let's make our wills accordingly.

IS HUMAN NATURE HOPELESS?

A world that turns from war to peace turns of necessity from brute force to good manners, to high morals, and to law. . . . But, says the cynic, human nature does not change. To him I answer that human nature does change, has always changed, is changing now, and that its changes are recorded and manifested in what we call the advance of civilization.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER



THE RAILROAD CONSOLIDATIONS

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has made its recommendations for grouping the railroads of the United States into twenty-one systems, and is now, we hope, sitting back and enjoying the excitement that its report has created. It is a good enough plan to begin on, but we understand from the talk at Washington that no one in official life, and least of all the members of the Commission, regards it as in any way definitive. It does have value as showing the mergers which the members of the Commission agreed upon among themselves, although it seems to have been put forth without a gesture of that confidence which would show that the Commission believes in the finality of its own work.

In addition to the four great trunk lines now running between New York and Chicago—namely, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Erie—a fifth line is suggested, roughly identified as the Wabash. Perhaps a fifth line, if it could be formed by the allocation of railroads which, being thus segregated, would not weaken the essential groupings of these four existing lines, might be a good thing for the country in its future growth of population and traffic.

But the report is justly subject to criticism because it has failed to show any true vision on the part of the Commission as to the real destiny of American railroads in the final consolidations

which the general situation requires. If the twenty-one systems were accepted by the railroad managers and authorized by Congress exactly as the Commission has proposed, we should have a total lack of through transportation under one control exactly as we have it today. Why has the Commission begun its mergers at New York, instead of at Boston? And why has it stopped its mergers at Chicago, instead of at Los Angeles and San Francisco? Why should a passenger, or a ton of freight, from Boston—the Atlantic Ocean—have to go to San Francisco—the Pacific Ocean—upon three railroad systems, when the fundamental idea of the consolidation requires the provision of one route under one management for the whole distance?

We are going to make bold to offer a little plan of our own—just for something to shoot at from this larger view of the subject. Perhaps our suggestions may be as unacceptable to the Commission as the Commission's groupings are to the railroad managers; but here is what we would do with the situation if we had the power of a Czar: Give the New York Central the Boston and Albany Railroad to New England, the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific to the Pacific Coast, and the Louisville and Nashville to the South. Give the Pennsylvania the New York and New England Railroad to New England; the Achison, Topeka and Santa Fe to the Pacific; the Lehigh Valley from Wilkes-Barre to New York; and the Norfolk

and Western and the Atlantic Coast Line to the South. Give the Baltimore and Ohio the Jersey Central to New York; the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Great Northern, and the Northern Pacific to the Pacific; and the Seaboard Airline to Florida. Give the Erie and Chicago, Minneapolis and Saint Paul from Chicago to the Pacific. And give the Wabash the Chicago and Northwestern to the Pacific.

Returning to the present groupings as they now exist between New York and Chicago, we would give the New York Central the principal consideration in allocating the railroads now situated in New York State, with second attention to the Erie; and we would give the Pennsylvania all those railroads, which, like itself, have grown up through the foresight and enterprise of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania—notably, the Reading and a part of the Lackawanna; and we would give the Baltimore and Ohio those contiguous lines which belong in its logical development. The argument of the Commission that these New York and Chicago trunk lines are already too big is unworthy of the men who have uttered it. The whole question is one of organization and direction, and American railroad men have the genius to achieve success with great units as they have already done with small ones.

By all means, gentlemen of the Commission, let us go from coast to coast in an unbroken control, and in aiming at final efficiency, don't be afraid of size.

THE CATHEDRAL OF LEARNING

THE new building of the University of Pittsburgh, rising into majestic heights, has now reached the lower floor of Heaven, and it will soon become a tower of light—literally and spiritually—throughout western Pennsylvania. The expansive program which Chancellor Bowman and his trustees have so courageously undertaken deserves the financial support of our

people. Already more than ten thousand boys and girls go to the University each year, and the opportunity of aiding in this tremendously important mass culture is one which our citizens should be proud to encourage. The progress of American civilization, the prosperity and happiness of the country, and the power of the nation to lead the world rest first and last upon the education of the masses.

A FALSE-THROATED NIGHTINGALE

WE have never been able to give our concurring judgment to those teachers of literature who proclaim Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" as a masterpiece of English poetry. It just didn't ever seem to capture our fancy. To begin, here is a verse in that piece that is usually put forward as a captivating burst of soul—Keats is addressing the lordly bird in the tree above him:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray
hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,
and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-ey'd despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

That lugubrious note of hopeless woe runs through the whole long, tiresome work, and it is so foreign to the purpose of life, which is happiness, that we never recognized its appeal, and we doubt if anyone else who subjects it to critical analysis could do so. And here is proof from a humble source that the teachers of literature are wrong. The Ode was recently chosen for study before an evening class in adult education in Yorkshire. The lecturer gave an eloquent discourse illustrated by excellently read passages; and when he had finished, a burly engineer rose at the back of the room and remarked: "Well,

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Mr. Lecturer, this is all very fine, this moaning and groaning about it all, but why didn't he get up and do something?"

LECTURES

[The lectures announced below are free to the people.]

MUSEUM

- JANUARY 19—"From Idaho to the Pacific," by Dr. Otto E. Jennings. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- JANUARY 26—"Feathered Friends," by Alfred M. Bailey. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- FEBRUARY 2—"Alaska," by Dr. Charles A. Payne. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- FEBRUARY 6—"Bali—The Garden of the Gods," by André Roosevelt. 8:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- FEBRUARY 9—"Honduras," by Raymond L. Ditmars. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- FEBRUARY 16—"Our National Capital," by Sydney Prentice. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

SPECIAL SATURDAY PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

2:15 P.M. IN LECTURE HALL

- JANUARY 18—"Chang," a motion picture.
- JANUARY 25—"Where the Desert Meets the Sea," by Edward H. Graham.
- FEBRUARY 1—"Interesting Facts about Insects," by Dr. Samuel H. Williams.
- FEBRUARY 8—"Simba," a motion picture.
- FEBRUARY 15—"A Collector in the Subarctic," by Reinhold L. Fricke.

TECH

8:30 P.M. IN CARNEGIE UNION

- JANUARY 21—"Flow of Gases at Velocities Above Those of Sound," by Dr. Ing. Ludwig Prandtl, director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Research in the Flow of Liquids, University of Göttingen.
- JANUARY 22—"Molecular Theory of the Elastic Hysteresis of Plastic Flow," by Dr. Ing. Ludwig Prandtl.
- JANUARY 28—"Business Cycles and the Long-Term Growth of Industry in Trade," by Carl Snyder, statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York City.
- JANUARY 29—"The Role of Credit—its Creation and Velocity," by Carl Snyder.
- JANUARY 30—"The Trade Credit Ratio and the Problem of Stability," by Carl Snyder.

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